
Title: The Seven

Author: D. Oztriker

Seven knights stood at
the ramparts as the
anticipation of the seige
came over them. Seven
knights, breathing, living
in
harmony is all that stood
between the enemy and
the city. Seven knights,
watching vigilantly over
the cursed, broken
ground, covered in the
blood and bodies of both
friend and foe alike.
Seven knights.

Seven knights bled at the

ramparts as the
anticipation of the seige
came to perdition. Seven
knights, fighting, dying in
harmony as they stood
between the enemy and
the city. Seven knights,
fighting furiously over

the cursed, broken ground
covered in the blood and
bodies of both friend and
foe alike.
Seven knights.

Seven dwindled to six.
One felled by the blade

of an enemy.

Seven dwindled to five.
One felled by the spell of
an enemy.

Seven dwindled to four.
One felled by the arrow

of an enemy.

Seven dwindled to three.
One felled by the axe of
an enemy.

Three knights stood at
the ramparts in victory

as the seige came to
end. Three knights,
humbled, dignified in
harmony stood between
the slain and the city.
Three knights looking upon
the cursed, broken ground
covered with the blood

and bodies of friend and
foe alike.
Three knights.

Three knights, all of one
heritage, all of one
purpose, all in one cause.